I wanted our own entries and reports to be preserved. I liked to think of someone like me reading what I wrote. Like me, but not me. Adam said it wouldn't happen. It was the ministry's new policy. After seven years they'd all be burnt. Now that Adam himself has been cremated, I find it unacceptable. I think it's typically cruel of the authorities to tell us in advance that nothing is to be saved. They do it in the name of confidentiality. In reality they're sicker than any of their clients. The issue is secrecy. They want us to feel good about them for what they do. By consigning their secrets to the flames along with those we confide in. Their secrets don't even matter, except they get in the way of our feeling good about them, and their feeling good about themselves. That won't happen. Why wait seven years? Burn us now.

P. 93

THIS WAY TO YOUR

MODEL SUITE